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## Humans are unnerving

 OC

### Part 2

It's strange, really.

Humans are the most average an alien species could be.

Their lean, bipedal build is very common in the Galactic Confederation, and they're physically average in most aspects.

Humans have moderate strength and speed, only outperforming in endurance and intelligence.

Visibly speaking, they don't have horns, fangs, tails, antennae, claws, scales, hide or fur.

Ironically, their lack of such natural defences is what makes them so unique.

Humans look like teddy bears compared to other races, and they act like them too.

Always asking how you are, how your family is, how your day is going.

Most humans aren't intimidated by other Xenos-treating them politely and trying to understand and learn their cultural norms.

Humans always try and cheer sentients up or give helpful advice, acting very empathetically.

But the truth is...humans are...very, very creepy.

It's because of their lack of expression.

Humans aren't nearly as visually expressive as other species-being limited to only their mouth and eyebrows.

There's no tail wagging, antennae twitching or claw clicking-just some facial muscles that move up and down to show approval or disapproval.

Humans always look unfazed by terrible events and scenes, looking blankly at whatever happened with a few extra (or fewer) wrinkles on their face.

Their voices aren't much better-although humans have a wide vocal range, they prefer to speak the same way at all times, only raising their voice when angry and lowering it to be quiet.

A flat, monotone voice complimenting you or giving you their dearest condolences.

Yet another thing is their eyes. Human pupils don't dilate when they see something they like or change colour depending on mood or emotion.

They just stay the same, only dilating in the dark or during adrenaline rushes. They remain cold and lifeless, observing everything quietly, judging all. Knowing all.

I experienced this first hand when I was walking to a party with a human colleague, Alan. It was nothing much, just a monthly workplace party to raise morale.

I was excitedly discussing our sales, my tail wagging. They were up 17%-surely we'd get a promotion. Alan seemed to share my delight, although he didn't sound or look like it.

We were almost there when suddenly, two cars crashed into each other. I froze-fur on end, claws unsheathed, not knowing what to do.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could Alan rushing forward, calmly dragging two men out one of the mangled vehicles, before pulling a man and woman out of the other.

I finally snapped back to my senses, fumbling with my phone before I managed to call for medical services.

By the time they arrived, it was too late. All four civilians involved in the accident had died, despite Alan's efforts to stop their save them, and I was sobbing.

I could feel Alan wrapping his arm around me, soothing me, telling me it was going to be alright.

I looked up into his face, his weird, flat, snoutless face, and flinched. It was devoid of emotion. His eyebrows were slightly furrowed, but that was it.

I cringed away from him, pushing him away, getting no reaction. "H-How are you s-so calm?" I choked out, and he tilted his head to one side.

"What do you mean?" Alan said. "I'm not-I'm just as worried as you are." He said. Was he lying to make me feel better?

"Here, take this." An Ereli paramedic rumbled, his voice heavy with sorrow. He wrapped a weighted blanket around the two of us, and a few moments later, a Nezoid police officer approached us, antennae vibrating.

"I'm sorry, but I have a few questions about the accident," she whispered, her two large dilated eyes switching between Alan and me.

Alan answered for me. "Sure, I can answer them. Could you please take my friend Reica home for me? I think she's in shock."

*Friend.* The word echoed in my head, and I wiped away tears. I could only watch as Alan looked back at me as the officer pulled him away, his empty brown eyes looking back at me.

Sure, I considered Alan to be a colleague-and a good one at that. But a *friend*? After what I saw, I wasn't even sure if I wanted to continue working with him.

"Come, let's take you home." I turned to see another Nezoid officer, her antennae drooping with sympathy. "T-Thank you," I stammered, following her wordlessly to her car.

"First time witnessing death?" She asked rather bluntly, and I nodded. "Yeah, it's always rough the first time. Your friend seemed alright though- he a soldier or doctor?"

I smiled. "No, a salesman," I whispered. I watched as her antennae went completely limp, a sign of confusion. "Huh-that's weird. Wait-is he a human?" She asked.

"Yes, he is." I watched as her antennae took a neutral position. "Ah-humans are like that. Don't show much emotion, but just as caring as the rest of us."

By now, she had reached my house, and I stammered words of thanks as I exited her car.

"No need," she replied. "Just doing my duty-have a good night." "You too," I chirped as I entered my home.

I collapsed in my bed, mentally exhausted. I had missed the party, but that was the last thing I was thinking about.

I let my bots strip me of my work clothes and dress me in my pyjamas.

I hadn't done much research on humans, being told their culture was similar enough to ours, and working with Alan for a few months had proved that.

But now I knew that I was going to have to learn more about these humans.

A lot more.